

FLATBUSH GIRLS DRINK TOO MUCH, ASSERTS PRIEST

Father T. A. Hickey Declares
He Sees Females of Tender
Years in Saloons.

MERE BOYS GET DRUNK.

He Inspects Road Houses and
Reprimands Girls for
Imbibing.

Liquor, and the fact that our young girls and boys imbibe too freely of it, are the causes of nine-tenths of the trouble in New York. This is the belief of the Rev. T. A. Hickey, pastor of St. Brendan's Roman Catholic Church of Flatbush. Father Hickey has been preaching against the frequent use of liquor for the last three Sundays, and has even gone so far as to make a personal inspection of many of the road houses within the bounds of his parish. He has reprimanded several girls, begging their mothers to be more strict with the children.

BLAMES THE MOTHERS FOR
LACK OF VIGILANCE.

"Mothers know too little of their daughters' whereabouts. From the time a girl becomes old enough to earn her own living she disregards her mother's opinions and paddles her own canoe."

"I consider it a curse for any girl to earn her own living. Every girl loses her feminine charm once she is made to battle with the world. The continual journeying to and from work is what places many of our young girls in hospitals. A girl's place is home, and she should be forced to remain at home. God made women to be the makers of the home and to have children. Every girl should know how to cook a dinner or wash the dishes. Her recreation should be had in company with the other members of her family."

ADVOCATES LOCKING GIRLS
OUT AFTER 10 P. M.

"Mothers know little and care less what is happening to their daughters. They seldom reprimand them for coming in late, and think it clever of their girls to be able to drink a few cocktails or a glass of beer. It is my belief that when a girl returns to her home after 10 o'clock she should not be permitted to enter the house. I would close the door in her face. Any girl who visits roadhouses in the company of young men and sits up until all hours imbibing liquor is not fit to enter a respectable home."

"I think the young men are equally as bad as the young girls. Boys, as a rule, think that in order to be popular they must become intoxicated every once in a while. They are not 'good sports' if they can't drink. Moreover, the girls will have nothing to do with the majority of men unless the men drink."

"It is precisely where most of the trouble lies. When a fellow is seen intoxicated, no matter how vile he may have acted while in that state, he will be received with open arms at the home of some respectable girl on the following evening. I sincerely wish girls would insult such men when they call to visit them. Instead of being delighted to see them and giving them a warm reception, the girls should reprimand the men for their conduct and refuse to have any further conversation with them. If this happened to many young men once the world would be better. Any fellow who is once insulted by a respectable girl usually tries his best to get back into her good graces."

BOYS OUGHT NOT TO HAVE
LATCHKEYS.

"There should be no such thing as a latchkey for the younger generation. If girls and boys knew they must ring the bell upon their return home, and that there would be an angry parent waiting up for them, they would make it their business to be home early. Here in New York I have seen little girls and boys as young as twelve years of age with their own latchkeys. When they are out late at night all they need to do is open the door. The parents never stay up, because they know the children can get in."

"I urge mothers to insist upon the children handing over their pay envelopes every week unbroken. This silly idea of paying two or three dollars a week board, with the belief that the child should get the best room in the house, and plenty of food, is what is breaking up most of our homes today. There is no more home life. Every house is a boarding house, with the mother turned into a boarding-house mistress. No wonder a mother has no jurisdiction over her children. No wonder her sons and daughters can stay out until all hours of the night and always have plenty of money to spend on drink. Is there any wonder why our young men hate to get married, and why our young girls refuse to become mothers? If they had less money and respected authority more they would have little cause for drink and there would be less crime in the world."

"I am tired speaking to mothers about the necessity of guarding their daughters. I have seen many girls from this parish visiting road houses, and I have reprimanded them severely. The crisis has come. Liquor is the cause of nine-tenths of the trouble in the home, and unless its use is forbidden we can never hope for any better results."

Killed by Third-Rail Shock.
Patrick Donovan, forty, of No. 213 East One Hundred and Second street, was instantly killed yesterday afternoon by an electric shock when an iron bar, with which he was removing dirt that had collected in the trolley slot between the eastbound street railway tracks in front of No. 8 West Eighth street, came in contact with the "third rail."

New York Johnnies Told to Take Heart And Discouraged Girls to Cheer Up

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"I Have Never Had Cause to Think New York Men
Are Other Than Gentlemen," Writes a Stenographer—
"If Girls Would Select the Right Kind of
Men They Wouldn't Be Subjected to
Disappointment," Says T. A.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Poor, overworked old Diogenes, out with his lantern looking for an honest man, seems to have been a hopeful and cheerful person compared with certain young men and women of New York who are seeking an ideal mate, but who, they all assure me, have despaired long since of finding one.

Now, an ideal is an illusive sort of thing at best. The sunbeam in the soap bubbles we used to blow was by comparison permanent and substantial. And the cynic's lantern is not a good aid in the quest. After all, there is no use looking for an ideal when every young man or woman with an imagination is another Aladdin with the wonderful lamp. One rub, young man, and a little red-haired girl who has worked beside you for years becomes the beautiful princess of China. One wish on the magic carpet, little girl, and behold! you dwell in a country of sweet enchantment, enthroned and garlanded beside its wonderful prince.

Other persons, too blind to see by the lamp of Aladdin, whose dull feet have never trodden the magic carpet, may recognize the prince of enchantment as a clerk in a broker's office or the book-keeper in a cloak and suit house. But, after all, you know best.

The main thing when you go in search of an ideal, whether of love or fame or worldly success, is to take along the right lantern and to realize that you have not failed so long as you have not given up the quest. But let's hear what some of the searchers have to say.

FREQUENTLY ENGAGED, BUT
STILL UNWED.

Dear Madam: A few words to the discouraged girls. Why condemn all men and classify them as the Johnnies? I do not think that there is a man who would not share his life with a loving helpmate. But there are too many disappointments in life, and there is always a reason if a man does not marry. I am thirty years of age, not married, belong to many societies and have a large acquaintance. When I was about twenty-two years of age I had intentions to marry. I never looked for the fluffy girl class, always for the plain, simple-minded girl, having had a good education and a good home training. One day about six years ago I had called on a young lady whom I had admired much. She was employed as a book-keeper at a salary of, I suppose, about \$10 a week, her parents being of very ordinary standing; but when ever I called, witnessing her make-up and overdressing, I could not, under any circumstances, see my way clear to marry her, although my business allowed me then to draw \$1,500 yearly. I have had the same experience on other occasions, and decided to become engaged to a poor girl of very poor parents. But there again, education, lack of manners and ignorance caused me to break our engagement. Notwithstanding this sad experience, I again became engaged about a year ago, and, unfortunately, had to break it for the same or similar reasons. So here I am, have tried, failed and am willing to try again—but I do not know what kind of a girl to marry. I suppose some of you will say I am too particular, but it is not so. Every man should marry his equal. Unless a man and woman are equal there cannot be any happiness. But if the girls of to-day would only try to look for their equals, not endeavor to attract millionaires, there would be many, many less disappointments. Girls, take my advice: Do away with your artificial "makeup" be simple—simplicity in a woman is far more attractive than riches. Do not try to attract some millionaire, as they are not your equal. Follow the footsteps of your mothers and grandmothers, and I assure you there will be very few bachelors or old maids to complain about them.

A BUSINESS MAN.

And now here is still another letter

much interested in the recent articles on "Female Johnnies" and "Male Johnnies," etc., and wish to add a word in defense of the "Male Johnny." I have been employed as a stenographer for the past seven years in a manufacturing concern in New York, and during all this time have never been insulted by any gentleman in New York, nor have I ever been given cause to think otherwise of them than gentlemen. I suppose a good many girls will say I am an old maid, past hope and looking for a "catch," and thereby wishing to get "solid" with the male generation. No, indeed; I am engaged and to be married in a few months, and before meeting my "ideal," went out with several different fellows, and they all treated me with respect. As for the article of "A Virginia Girl," that you have to hurry along so fast in the streets of New York you are in danger of getting overheated on account of the remarks passed by different men, I beg to say I have never yet had an occasion to get overheated by remarks passed by anyone, by reason of my having to hurry to get away from them. Girls are treated, as a rule, just according to their manner, not because "all" fellows in New York are not respectable. I trust you will not think I am trying to "boom" the New York fellows, but if there is any disrespect shown to the girls walking along in a business-like manner, and not commenting on the color of the socks, eyes or hair of the "good-looking fellow standing on the corner," why I am from Missouri and you will have to show me.

A STENO.

THIS GIRL DOESN'T THINK MEN
ARE ENTIRELY TO BLAME.

Dear Madam: From my own point of view the men are not entirely to blame. The girls who are good and dress nicely but yet in good taste must suffer because of the actions of our unscrupulous sisters. This is not from an old maid's standpoint, as I am twenty years old; also have many male friends who would never think of saving anything that was not entirely proper.

It is absurd for a girl to say she can't meet a nice fellow. Perhaps she looks for them in her office; if she does, she will be disappointed. I am a stenographer myself, and although I have to be polite to the young men in the office, I wouldn't allow one of them to accompany me to the train—my boss included. One of the young men in the office is frank enough to state "that he has more respect for dogs than for women." In my estimation he is to be pitied, for he has never known what a good girl's company is. For myself, I enjoy nothing better than the company of a good, clean boy. Don't get discouraged, sisters. Just look for the right kind and you will surely find them.

AN ENTIRELY SATISFIED GIRL.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
IS NOT FOR THE ORDINARY MAN—BUT
"the best boy brewed"

Is yours? If not, then you ask by name for
**MOERLEIN'S
Barbarossa**

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You Can't Get Better
Than the Best Made

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WHY, NEW YORK JOHNNIES ARE
THE NICEST EVER

I close to-day's discussion with two letters which are more hopeful though perhaps less true to the average girl's experience.

Dear Madam: I have been very

THEY ARE IN FOR THE GOOD FELLOW
WHO DRINKS EVERY
KIND OF FAST DRINKS
"WOLFE"

WE NEVER BEEN
INSULTED BY A
NEW YORK GENTLEMAN

"A STENO." GIVES JOHNNY A HAND

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CHOOSING A WIFE WITH A BIG CLUB DOESN'T GO NOW

Neither Does Beating Her
When You're Jealous, Says
Probation Officer.

AND DO NOT KILL HER.

Matrimonial Rules of a Chi-
cago Man Resented by
Letitia Taylor.

All hail to the hammer and tones method of wooing! Banish to the hair-pulling cave-man! Salute the Sabine matrimonial arrangements! Or, if you positively refuse to do any of these things, at least listen to Dr. William F. Waugh, who is doing them all at once, with both hands and a typewriter.

Dr. Waugh is Dean of the Bennett Medical College and chief physician of the Jefferson Park Hospital in Chicago. As to whether he is a married man history remains silent, but you may draw your own conclusions. For here are the four matrimonial maxims which he has the temerity to propound:

When you find your mate, take her. She awaits it.

When you have her, live for her. She wants that.

When she arouses your jealousy, beat her. She needs it.

If she betrays you, kill her. She deserves it.

Dr. Waugh continues cheerfully: "The simple maxims that ruled the cave dweller govern humanity to-day. Every woman sits and waits for the coming of her lord. She is ready to follow when he beckons. He is masterful. He woe not, beseeches not, implores not, serves not. He takes his own when he finds it. His ancestor simply caught his woman, knocked her down two genies, to his heir the nearer the modern approximation of this type and method the better it suits the woman."

CASE LAID BEFORE A WOMAN
PROBATION OFFICER.

All of which was respectfully submitted to Mrs. Letitia Taylor, probation officer at the Brooklyn Domestic Relations Court since its inception, and therefore in a position to know the sort of husband that makes a woman happy or unhappy.

"Does the modern woman enjoy being beaten, pulled around by the hair and threatened with murder if she transfers her affections?" Mrs. Taylor was asked. "No woman with a scintilla of personal dignity or self-respect ever endures more than one beating from her husband. The nearer the modern approximation of this type and method the better it suits the woman."

Dr. Waugh continues cheerfully: "The simple maxims that ruled the cave dweller govern humanity to-day. Every woman sits and waits for the coming of her lord. She is ready to follow when he beckons. He is masterful. He woe not, beseeches not, implores not, serves not. He takes his own when he finds it. His ancestor simply caught his woman, knocked her down two genies, to his heir the nearer the modern approximation of this type and method the better it suits the woman."

I agree with Dr. Waugh that a woman must respect a strong man. But the fatal flaw in his argument is that the wife-beater is not strong. A man who uses physical violence on a woman is invariably a coward in soul, whatever his muscular powers. He never dares to hit a man of his own size; he slinks out of the way of a free fight. He is like the cruel little

MANHOLE LIDS FLY IN AIR.

Families Rush to Street in Night-
clothes Following Blowup.

The covers of five manholes of the
Edison Company blew off with loud

boy, who pulls the legs off Sloc
and howls under his mother's cas-
tigation.

"There is a type of woman who will put up with a brutal husband, but she is usually some lazy, shiftless creature who would rather stand a few blows now and then than attempt to earn her own living. Her body suffers but not her soul. So she forgets the beating as soon as the bruises heal, just as one of the lower animals might do. But to a woman of any spirit, any fitness of mental perception, every blow is an inextinguishable insult, and love for the giver is at once extinguished."

WOMAN WANTS THE STRENGTH
THAT WILL PROTECT HER.

"The sort of strength a woman wants in her husband is that which will protect her, not assault her. She likes to feel, down in her heart, that her 'man' will fight others for her sake, if need be, but not that he will turn and rend her. If she loves him, she wants to idealize him, to believe him braver, kinder, wiser than any other man, or than herself. But she doesn't want to believe him a bigger brute than the rest of mankind."

"It is true that women have wonderfully forgiving dispositions. Case after case comes to this court, in which we ask the complaining wife if she wants her husband sent to jail and she answers 'No.' Even when a man has been sent to the island for just cause, his wife is apt to ask for remittance of his sentence before the time is up."

"But in many of these instances the husband has not been actively brutal. He has got drunk and refused support, or he has earned money and spent it away from home. And maybe the wife has a secret conviction that the blame is not altogether on one side. In my investigations I have noticed that very often domestic troubles are started by the woman of the house. She is idle or slovenly or nagging; or she doesn't make allowances. She can stay at home in her own house and do her work when and how she sees fit. Her man has to labor for a cranky 'boss,' under all sorts of unpleasant conditions. It's her to be expected that he'll always come home in a perfect temper, and his wife has altogether too little forbearance."

And do you think a man may 'take his own' when he finds it?—marry an girl on whom he sets his fancy? Mrs. Taylor was asked.

"Not to-day," she smiled. "There is very little romantic glamor in the life of the average working girl. She's business-like rather than primeval. Possibly her own father was a 'cave man,' almost certainly there are some 'hoboes' that type among her circle of acquaintances. She knows, from shrewd observation, the life of the woman who marries that sort of man, for the happiness and suffering of the poor are essentially communicative. There is little false reserve about the success or failure of their domestic life."

"The working girl uses her eyes, forms her own judgments, and, as she herself would express it, resolves not to get 'stung.' She regards marriage primarily as a business proposition. If a man asks her to be his wife and she thinks she can give her time for the time of it than her life in the factory, she will accept him. But if he plays the master too aggressively she will refuse him anyway. She has a very complete idea of her 'independence' and what's owing her."

"And what do you say to Dr. Waugh's last pronouncement that a man is justified in killing the wife who is untrue to him?"

"The laws of the United States and of every other civilized country have already answered that point. But even if there were not the laws, a woman untrue to her husband vows is punished much more surely by life than by death. Her husband should simply let her go her own way; she will get all that's coming to her because of the act. It seems to me that if there is one thing our civilization means it is the virtue of self-control," ended Mrs. Taylor. "More than any other ethical quality this differentiates us from the animal. If we are to call ourselves superior to them, if our marriage is to mean something more than the triumph of blind instinct, we shall advance farther and farther from the cannibal relations of the cave dweller instead of reverting to them."

MANHOLE LIDS FLY IN AIR.

Families Rush to Street in Night-
clothes Following Blowup.

The covers of five manholes of the
Edison Company blew off with loud

explosions and bursts of flames in Lee
avenue between Middleton and Lorimer
streets, Brooklyn, just a little after
dawn to-day. The racket waked every-
body on the avenue and many in the
side streets. The sidewalks were in a
moment full of men, women and chil-
dren in their nightclothes.

After they had watched the gas flames
which roared out of the conduits burn
themselves out, the frightened people
were persuaded by the police reserves
to go back to bed. The covers were left
off while a big squad of workmen went
at the job of finding the leak by which
the gas got into the electric conduit.

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and the kind of lenses your
eyes require.

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597 Broad St., near Hahn's, Newark

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antiseptic in every household, either for
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all infectious or contagious diseases
caused by germs, is a well established
fact; and there is nothing better or
more economical than Tyree's Anti-
septic Powder. A twenty-five cent box
will make two gallons of standard anti-
septic solution.

Tyree's Powder is in general use
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more than twenty years. Dissolves
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passed. Extremely beneficial in the
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sample. J. C. Tyree, Chemist, Wash-
ington, D. C.

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shed apartments—one, two or three
rooms and bath, overlooking the
beautiful Morningside and Central
Parks.

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ing, also